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Ruth Law Collection - Scrapbook

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[[image]]
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RUTH. LAW'S AEROPLANE FLIGHT OVER LIBERTY ILLUMINATED

By World Staff Photographer

The Mayflower passed between the two battleships and Governor's Island, then, far beyond, slowly turned and made her way back between the battleships and Bedloe's Island. The San Francisco followed her, the great crowd on board gazing in expectancy, first at the President's yacht and then at the point where the statue was known to be.

Ruth Law's Aeroplane, Flying Spark, Hovering About Statue

Suddenly another sight attracted general attention. A tiny light appeared over the yacht, moving rapidly toward the statue. Then the gleam from the Brooklyn searchlight caught this light and the lines of Miss Law's aeroplane could be distinctly seen as she circled about Bedloe's, apparently waiting for the signal. It was only a minute or so after 5:30 then and the aeroplane was turned toward the north, its light being lost sight of by the watching crowds.

At greatly diminished speed the Mayflower steamed down until it lay directly off Bedloe's Island. The darkness of night had come. The statue could not be seen at all. Then, two red rockets went up from the Mayflower. Instantly the lights on the illuminated ships were put out. While, far in the background, looking toward New York, the checker boards of light showed where the buildings were, practically nothing else could be seen.

When Liberty Burst From Darkness

But again Miss Law took the centre of the stage, swooping down again toward the statue. As she sailed aloft at a height of about 700 feet, it seemed she might be carrying a spark from the yacht to the statue and half the people who watched felt that when she was directly over Liberty, the new lights would beam forth.

It was too soon, however, or else the signal from the Mayflower was not given on time. Miss Law had sailed away again and was over Governor's Island, dimly discernable in the pale moonlight, when the event of the day occurred.

Here and there along the Jersey shore was a single dim light or two, but behind Liberty was inky blackness. Not even the shore line of the little island could be seen. For all one could see nothing was there, no island, no symbol. Then, at the touch of a button, all this was changed. The statue of Liberty stood out against this black background, a heroic figure of green on a yellow pedestal, holding aloft a giant torch of yellow light that shed its rays downward on the water and outward toward the sea.

Heroic Stage Setting

It looked like an idealized Hippodrome spectacle. It was a stage setting



in reality. There was an attempt at cheering on the San Francisco, but few seemed to feel like cheering. All were looking at a new Liberty, a more glorified Liberty than they had ever known before. The breathless expectancy was succeeded by a breathless admiration for a really beautiful sight.

From the deck of the Texas boomed the first gun of the Presidential salute, which the battleships had refrained from firing as the Mayflower passed. Just at that instant, too, there was a loud clap far up in the air toward Governor's Island and Miss Law's plane suddenly shone out in silver against the blue-blackness of the sky. The crowd on the official vessels turned from one spectacle to look upon another equally wonderful, equally beautiful.

Following the first burst of silver flame was another detonation and then across the harbor came Miss Law, far up, with a veritable Niagara of white fire streaming behind her plane and pouring in a silver torrent down on the ships and the waters of the bay. No two-tailed comet ever furnished such a spectacular sight or was greeted with such a round of applause.

Wrote "Liberty" in Sky.

The silver stream swept on right across to Bedloe's Island, far above the Mayflower and the San Francisco, the tail of this comet brushing through the golden torch of Liberty. And those looking upward saw then that Miss Law's plane carried on the lower surface the word "Liberty" in bright silver lights.

Meanwhile every vessel in the harbor and far up the two rivers had been sounding their whistles. A din of sound floated down over the harbor, punctuated every few seconds by the deep boom of the guns of the battleships firing the salute. So great was this noise that the whirring of Miss Law's machine could not be heard.

While the battleships remained dark, the Jersey shore was suddenly illuminated. Rockets were fired in half a dozen places at once, and the fireworks display kept up intermittently for half an hour. During the same period, too, all the ships in the neighborhood which had searchlights played them first on this craft and then on that, until the whole harbor seemed alight.

The batteries of light focused on Liberty continued to burn steadily through it all. A score of persons on the San Francisco seemed to think these lights were to be turned off sooner or later. Every one who knew better had a busy time explaining that Liberty had been transformed and that each night she would glow as she did then. Even after the tugs and launches had taken the officials off the Mayflower and the San Francisco these persons kept looking back to see if the lights still glowed.

The Mayflower and the San Francisco anchored in the harbor, the guests were taken off in tugs and launches and landed at Pier A, where an immense crowd of sightseers had gathered and where automobiles were waiting to take the official party to the Waldorf. It was shortly before 7 o'clock when the President landed and the parade formed.

The President and his party left for Washington about midnight.

FLYING IN BRIGHT RAIN OF FIRE RUTH LAW THRILLS THOUSANDS

Little Aviatrice Circles Above Statue With "Liberty" in Electric Letters on Under Plane of Her Machine - Enthusiastic Crowd Blocks Her When She Lands on Governor's Island.

Sisters in glory, last night, were Miss Liberty and Miss Ruth Law.

Of all those who saluted the great statue, as it was flooded with radiance, it was the slender, winsome little queen of the air who paid homage to it most spectacularly.

High above the bronze, in the tiny old-fashioned biplane with which she flew from Chicago a couple of weeks ago, Miss Law sped through the night, for all the world like a meteor with magnesium flares casting waves of golden flame behind her.

And on her lower plane, in huge electrically lighted letters that could be discerned clearly from her height of nearly 1,000 feet, she bore the legend L-I-B-E-R-T-Y.

While guns roared and whistles shrieked and crowds shouted from the patriotic exaltation that the new vision of the statue created, the little aviatrice raced along overhead, dashing by the image, flying over and around it and giving the multitude of spectators, afloat and ashore, a spectacle that thrilled them through and through.

And she gloried in it!

A Wonderful Spectacle

"Of all the beautiful scenes I have ever witnessed," she said when she alighted after twenty-five minutes in the air, "this was the most splendid. It is impossible to imagine how wonderful it all looked from above -liberty herself, with that soft glow illumining her, and her fine, flaming torch; and then the great war vessels all alight, with their guns spitting fire and booming salutes, and the searchlights from various parts of the city, and the great buildings downtown, all blazing with incandescents!

"I wouldn't have missed that flight for anything, and I'm a mighty proud girl over my little share in the celebration. Everything worked perfectly. My electric lights and fireworks went off just as I wanted them to and I had a splendid rise and a splendid landing."

Not only did Miss Law fly over Governor's Island and the Bay, but she gave the lower end of the city a treat, too, by heading up over the Battery and above Broadway for half a dozen blocks. She said she felt like flying over the World Building as a compliment to its success in lighting Liberty, but she realized that night flying is a risky enough business at best, even over open spaces, and so, after getting a look at the building's dome, outlined in incandescents, she turned back for her

starting point.

Admiring Crowd Mobs Her

She shared, with the statue itself, the completest admiration of the hundreds of thousands of New York and New Jersey folk who turned out to hail Liberty Alight. The five hundred or so who saw her arise and then alight on Governor's Island were wild with enthusiasm as she came down. They wanted to pick her up and carry her on their shoulders from the spot where she came to rest to the hangar. She literally had to have a bodyguard to assist her in walking across the field. The crowd followed her, cheering and shouting congratulations and tussling to get near enough to grasp her hand, until she reached the shelter of the hangar.

Miss Law went in the air promptly at 5:30. Just before twilight a stiff wind had been blowing. At times it reached a forty-five mile velocity. It was so strong, indeed, that Rusty Bounds and Ripley Bowman, two Government aviation Instructors who flew in from Mineola to watch Miss Law's performance, required sixty-three minutes to make the twenty-three mile trip.

But the semi-gale didn't deter the little pink-cheeked flyer. "I'm going up whether the wind subsides or not," she said at 4:30. "I hope it quiets down, but nothing like a little breeze is going to spoil this particular evening."

The wind had quieted considerably when, an hour later, she sped across the parade grounds and lifted gracefully into the air. It was dark then and the only light about her machine was a single small incandescent that illumined the faces of her instruments.

Switches Controlled Fireworks

On her right hand control lever she had a switch with which to light up the letters which were fastened on the under surface of her lower plane. The word "Liberty" was 28 feet long and three feet wide. On her left control she had another switch which was to set a spark, at the proper time, to the magnesium tapes fastened behind the wing.

She wore her familiar brown leather coat and gray breeches with puttees. She had on a helmet, but did not wear a mask or even gloves. She wanted to be sure that she could work her extra switches properly, so she kept her fingers free.

A few seconds after she left the ground her machine had disappeared into the night. At a height of 750 feet and a distance of a quarter of mile or so the little biplane was invisible, but the roar of its motor could always be heard. As she swung back over the island, climbing, after a preliminary circling about over the bay, the little light on her machine swam into view.

"A flying star!" exclaimed every one. And there really could be no better description. You could see that one little light sweeping across the sky at eighty-five miles an hour and hear the racket of the exhaust, but of the machine itself nothing could be discerned until it was directly overhead and silhouetted against the moonlit heavens.

Airplane Flashes Alight.

Miss Law was down the bay a distance when, a few minutes before 6 o'clock, the great bronze, bathed in radiance leaped into view. An instant later there was a blaze of flame from the rear of the little biplane, as it headed northward. As the air queen sped into the face of the breeze, cascades of radiance fell behind her.

Her machine was a meteor, literally - a humanly controlled meteor, dashing through space, but keeping on an even keel. So bright was the flare of the magnesium that the whole plane, with the little woman sitting out in front, perched over nothingness, was distinctly to be seen.

For two minutes, as Miss Law flew past the statue, up almost to the Battery and then around again and down, her fiery trail remained behind her. Her machine was a thing of beauty and a thing of thrills, too. It must have been visible for great distances as it swept back and forth and the flame rained down behind it.

Then the magnesium burned out and for just an instant the airplane vanished from view again. Then the letters on the lower wing blazed into radiance, and the word of which America is so proud met the eyes of the multitude looking up.

"Liberty" - in letters of gold. It seemed appropriate that it should be emblazoned against the sky and carried over miles of territory and millions of people.

Above the ships, above the statue, above the water of the bay and lower river, the brilliant sign swept along for all to see. Then, after a dash close by Liberty, Miss Law headed up above the city, carrying her message over the massive illuminated buildings at the tip of the town.

A turn - a fast flight with the wind down beyond Governor's Island - another swing into the face of the breeze, and then she glided down, touched the ground two or three times with gentle little bumps, and came to a stop.

Army Aviators Praise Her.

The crowd swarmed about her, cheering tumultuously, and her husband, Charles Oliver, and half a dozen army aviators rushed forward to grip her hand. It had been a marvellous flight, they told her, a magnificent exhibition.

But it didn't turn the little woman's head.

"It wasn't very hard," she said, "The only bother I had was that my hands got cold. I had feared that perhaps the letters fastened to the lower plane containing the electric lamps for 'Liberty' might interfere with the performance of my machine. That was an experiment - having something fastened to a plane - that had never been tried before. But the added resistance didn't seem to make any difference. How did the letters look from below? Could they be recognized?"

Miss Law was delighted when she heard that her Liberty message was clear and distinct.

"I'm glad and happy that everything went off well and that I had a chance to pay honor to Miss Liberty."

When she had seen to the stowing away of her little machine in the Government hangar she said she thought she'd put on some feminine clothes and go home. But just then there came for her a special invitation to go to the Presidential dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, and so she hurried across the river and uptown, beaming like a schoolgirl over the happy prospect.

DRINK HOT WATER AND RID JOINTS OF RHEUMATIC RUST

Why rheumatism and lumbago sufferers should drink phosphated hot water each morning before breakfast.
[[image]]

Rust of Iron

Rust of Rheumatism

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material which, if not completely eliminated each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste material, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons, called uric acid, are formed and then sucked into the blood, where they continue to circulate, collecting grain by grain in the joints of the body much like rust collects on the hinge as shown above.

Men and women who suffer from lumbago, rheumatism or sore, stiff, aching joints should begin drinking phosphated hot water, not as a means to magic relief from pain, but to prevent more uric acid forming in the system. Before eating breakfast each morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will first neutralize and then wash out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's accumulation of toxins and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal each morning before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make any rheumatic or lumbago sufferer an enthusiast on the morning inside bath.

Millions of people keep their joints free from these rheumatic acids by practising this daily internal sanitation. A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate, drank before breakfast, is wonderfully invigorating; besides, it is an excellent health measure, because it cleanses the alimentary organs of all the waste, gases and sour fermentations, making one look and feel clean, sweet and fresh all

day.

Those who try this for one week may find themselves free from sick headaches, constipation, bilious attacks, sallowness, nasty breath and stomach acidity - Advt.

BIG BUILDINGS GLOW, CROWDS CHEER as PRESIDENT PASSES

Chief Executive's Journey Uptown From Battery to Waldorf Banquet After Giving Signal That Sets Statue of Liberty Alight a Continuous Ovation.

Like piled up bricks of light the downtown skyscrapers glowed and winked at 6.50 o'clock last night when President Wilson, leaving the now effulgent Statue of Liberty behind, came ashore from the Mayflower and with Mrs. Wilson and his party entered an open touring car for the processional to the Waldorf-Astoria.

Searchlights everywhere threw their clear beams into the distance, where the eye following, discovered them illuminating flaunting stars and stripes.

Five hundred automobiles chugged. Sirens shrieked. Thousands of voices roared cheers in the scintillating, beam dazzled night. Off in the glowing heaven, reaching above the twenty-thirty-and forty story office buildings with its warm spark shooting from each close spaced window, the shining lace work of the Woolworth tower, stabbed the clouds.

Police Escort President's Car

The President's automobile was quickly away. As it sped west through Battery Place a squadron of mounted policemen, their shields and accoutrements dazzling back the glamour of the illuminations, enveloped it in a living cloak.

The Ambrose Orphan Asylum Band, in a Fifth Avenue bus, which had been waiting the moment for an hour, blared into action.

The automobile of Secretary Daniels followed the President's auto-after the Secret Service men and police. After that was the auto of Secretary of Commerce Redfield. Then there were R. A. C. Smith, the Dock Commissioner; Mrs. John Purroy

A Split White Rock Water is a practical drink

[[?]] Express Company Building, a bit further north, was ablaze. The Hamburg-American Line Building not only was decorated with flags and bunting, but its windows also glowed.

North on Broadway, through densely packed throngs of cheering men, women and children, the President passed to City Hall Park. There the cavalcade of mounted policemen swung east, pulling the President and the long, winding tail of the parade with it, into City Hall Park.

Just ahead, looking down on the City Hall, gay in its buntings, was the Pulitzer Building, the home of The World. Seven stripes of incandescent lights glossed its lofty structure. Its dome, the highest building pinnacle in New York when it was erected, flashed with red and white lights.

Even Cheers from Tombs

The parade filed through the park, apparently aimed straight at the Pulitzer Building, but it swung north in Park Row, past the Municipal Building into Lafayette Street. It was just 7.03 o'clock then.

All the while the wonder of persons in the autos in the parade constantly grew at the size of the crowds that banked the sidewalks and darkened the lighted windows.

The parade continued through Lafayette Street, past the Tombs, where the top galleries housing the "trusties" were crowded with vague forms and from where sounded the faint sound of cheering, to Fourth Street.

At Seventh Street moving picture photographers had lighted calcium flares on both sides of Fifth Avenue and the white glare lighted up the district for the block either way - contrasting splendidly with the radiance of the street lamps.

Stores Lighted Too.

Hearn's in Fourteenth Street was a glory of illumination. The Flatiron Building blazed electricity from every window.

Meanwhile, of course, those two long ribbons of golden light in Fifth Avenue from the temporarily altered bulbs were diffusing a soft glow over the parade headed by the policemen and joined somewhere about the middle by the blaring band of the Orphan Asylum.

As the President's auto pushed along it pulled with it a continuous outburst of clapping hands and cheering voices. It was an always fresh beginning and apparently never-ending roar of welcome. It was 7.23 o'clock when the mounted policemen drew up in front of the Waldorf-Astoria. That far-reaching pile was strung with red, white and blue lights - three separate strings of them - and hung with flags and bunting.

Its windows on the Thirty-third Street side were dotted, every one, with peering faces and noise-making hands and mouths.

In fact, it was a sort of climax of glare, hurrah and crowd that greeted the President when he stepped from his auto at 7.25 o'clock, at the Thirty-third Street entrance at the Waldorf, and, protected by a cordon of uniformed policemen and a score of active and inquisitive Secret Service men, vanished inside.

The New York Edison Company not only had contributed a deal of brilliance and scintillance to the occasion but also had provided more than 100 autos in which many of the paraders were accommodated.

The crowds were handled admirably by the police. Chief Inspector Schmittberger was in charge, with in-

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